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SELF IMMOLATION;

OR, THE

SACRIFICE OF LOVE.

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS:

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

By HENRY NEUMAN, Esq.

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PREFACE

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

THE moſt remarkable works of fancy, which have been lately produced by German genius, are univerſally admired throughout Europe. They diſplay a rare union of boldneſs of imagination with an exquiſite conception of the deepeſt agitations of the finer feelings of the human heart: And they delineate characters, drawn from general nature,—not the creatures of local circumſtances and artificial manners,—with a felicity which is, at preſent, leſs common in the original poems, dramatic pieces, or novels of France or Britain.

Of the dramatiſts of Germany, KOTZEBUE, throwing into his dramas more of the probabilities of real life—than the reſt, yet animating them with a not leſs abundant infuſion of wild pathos and ſublimity, has been, with juſt taſte, preferred, as the fitteſt for tranſlation into Engliſh, and for cloſe imitation in compoſitions for the Britiſh ſtage. There is, in his works, ſomething exceedingly congenial to the caſt of Engliſh character, and to the predominant tone of Engliſh ſentiment. It is SHAKESPEARE, without his quibbles, his negligences, his incongruities, his violations of the moſt indiſpenſable dramatic probabilities, yet, ſtill rich in all thoſe energies of genius, which have ſo expreſſively diſplayed the ingenuous ardour and ſimplicity of youthful love and hope, the ſecret remorſes of guilt, the meltings of tender, agonized affection, the wild conflicts of deſpair, the ſhrinkings, the revulſions, the *deliquia* of human ſenſibility, whether it be lacerated by the actual miſeries of fortune, or tortured by the play of an imagination more refined

in its cruelties, than the caprice of the tyrant, or the experimenting hand of the philoſopher. It is SHAKESPEARE, ſtill endowed with all that moral wiſdom which renders his works the beſt ſchool of civil ſagacity, and makes the deep ſtudy of them, almoſt a perfect ſubſtitute for real experience in the varied ſcenes of human life.

The NATURAL SON, the COUNT OF BURGUNDY, and other pieces of KOTZEBUE, have been tranſlated into Engliſh, with an approbation of the Britiſh Public, that encouraged the preſent tranſlator to attempt the following verſion of the SACRIFICE OF LOVE; a drama which KOTZEBUE himſelf is known to eſteem one of the happieſt efforts of his genius.

It is in truth, a very beautiful and intereſting compoſition. It repreſents characters, manners, and fortunes taken from *middle* and *domeſtic* life, through a ſeries of ſcenes in which the tragic greatly predominates, but which end in all the joy, if not the light gaiety, of a comic cataſtrophe. It is diſtinguiſhed by admirable unity and ſimplicity of *plot*. The *concatenation* of the ſucceſſive ſcenes, is ſo eminently ſkilful; that each one appears to follow that which goes before it, by a neceſſary connexion; and that every ſucceeding ſcene,—nay, almoſt every turn in the dialogue, ſeems to advance the action, by ſome ſteps, nearer to its completion. In the progreſs of the *Action*, curioſity is, at once, ſo gratified, and ſo provoked; every ſucceſſive diſcovery is ſo managed, to make us the more anxious to know what is yet concealed; the pathos deepens in ſuch a gradation; and the characters, as we become more and more acquainted with them, ſtill intereſt our ſympathy ſo much the more powerfully: that it will be exceedingly difficult to find any piece of fictitious hiſtory, whether narrative or dramatic, more capable of entirely abſorbing the attention of the reader, and of ſuſpending him, almoſt to the final ceſſation of the dialogue, in a ſolemn, ſtill, and breathleſs anxiety

anxiety of hope and fear. That contraſt of humours, ſituations, and paſſions, which often produces ſuch happy effects on the ſtage, is, in ſome of the following ſcenes, very ſkilfully exhibited. Every different character is, with great delicacy of art, made to unfold itſelf by ſpeech or action in the progreſs of the piece,—not unſeaſonably diſplayed in a formal daubing, to which ſpeech and action might afterwards give the lie. Situations of the moſt affecting,—yet not inſufferably horrible,—diſtreſs, which it is poſſible for human fancy to conceive, are, in this piece, exquiſitely pourtrayed. And ſtates of the human feelings are here repreſented, which, altho' in nature they may have never occurred, are yet true to nature. You ſhall not ſee perſons in real life, in the conditions here imagined: but, if it were poſſible that you could ſee them, they would reaſon and feel, juſt as has been fancied by KOTZEBUE. The train of the Dialogue is, every where, exquiſitely adapted to expreſs, by the reciprocations of ſpeech from the perſons, the current of agitated thought in the mind. A word, an attitude, an exclamation, is often wonderfully expreſſive! All thoſe beauties of general poeſy, which are not inconſiſtent with the particular purpoſes of the drama, are copiouſly ſcattered over the piece. The general tendency of the whole is eminently favourable to the intereſts of truth, virtue, and ſober-minded propriety of conduct in ordinary life.

The *place* of the action in the metropolis of England. And, if the Author have committed ſome petty errors, in the repreſentation of Engliſh manners, and in the ſuppoſition of local circumſtances: the compliment he has paid to the national character, by attributing to it ſo much honeſty, and virtuous refinement of feeling; cannot but ſufficiently compenſate for thoſe trivial miſtakes, in the eſtimation of all readers of genuine taſte.

The TRANSLATION is executed by a perſon to whom the German language is his native ſpeech.

He may, therefore, perhaps, without vanity, pretend to the merit of thoroughly understanding the *original* composition of KOTZEBUE, in all the force and all the delicacy of its varied phrase. Whether he have, with correctness and felicity, accomplished the attempt to transfuse that composition into the justly corresponding phraseology of the English language—he respectfully leaves it with the British public, to judge.

H. N.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERT MAXWELL, *a decayed Merchant.*

ARABELLA, *his Wife.*

HARRY, *a Boy, his Son.*

An OLD BLIND LADY, *his Mother.*

JANE, *Maid Servant in the House.*

LANDLORD *of the House in which* MAXWELL *lives.*

HARRINGTON, *a rich Wine Merchant.*

WALWYN.

DEMPSTER, *a Gambler.*

A JEW.

FLOOD.

DUMFRIES.

JOHN HARTOPP, *a Porter.*

A SERVANT, *and other Persons.*

SELF IMMOLATION;

OR,

THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A ſpacious and elegant Room, poorly furniſhed.*

ARABELLA *is employed in Needlework. Her* MOTHER-IN-LAW, *old and blind, is ſeated in an Arm-Chair, with her hands croſſed on her Lap.*

MOTHER.

TOM!

Arabella. What is your pleaſure, dear mother?

Mother. Nothing particular, daughter; I want Tom.

Arabella. *(Perplexed)* Tom—is ill.

Mother. Is he? Poor fellow!—Well, then, another may come.

Arabella. Cannot I ſerve you?

Mother. If you pleaſe. I wiſh to have my breakfaſt. I have already aſked thrice for it.

Arabella. Your breakfaſt—Yes, dear Mother. *(She lays down her work, and folds her hands with a deep ſigh.)*

Mother. Unleſs I have my tea and toaſt as ſoon as I riſe in the morning—I am ill for the day. I have been accuſtomed, theſe fifty years, to breakfaſt the moment I riſe; and it does not look well, daughter, when an old blind woman is obliged to wait hours for a little hot water.

Arabella. Excuſe us, dear mother; Jane is gone for ſome bread; and you know, ſhe is rather ſlow.

Mother. But why ſend Jane? Have we not other ſervants in the houſe?

Arabella.

Arabella. *(Aſide, with a ſigh)* Yes, we had. *(Aloud)* We have lately endeavoured to do with fewer ſervants.

Mother. Very well; it is prudently done! When I was married, my late huſband and I were very poor, indeed; and when my Robert, your huſband, was born, I put myſelf to many, many, little inconveniences, that my child might want nothing. Now, it is your turn to make theſe ſacrifices. When children are ſmall, the mother ſhould forego many of her wiſhes, to provide for their wants.

Arabella. We do, with the utmoſt pleaſure.

Mother. Do not take this amiſs, daughter; but, I muſt ſay, that, for ſome time paſt, great diſorder has prevailed in this houſe. Something or other is always wanting. I am blind, I cannot ſee—it is true. Yet I can diſcern more than gives me pleaſure.

Arabella. My Robert, you know, has met with misfortunes in trade.

Mother. He has, child; but no merchant is always fortunate.

Arabella. His loſs from Belton's failure, was very great.

Mother. But Robert is not a bankrupt.

Arabella. *(Aſide with a ſigh)* Ah, that you ſpoke the truth!

Mother. His property was great: and though a part be loſt, his mother's breakfaſt ſhould not be wanting. I know my ſon: he will never forget, that, at the riſk of my health, I ſupplied him myſelf with his firſt food. I was then ſickly; yet I got no wet nurſe for him. And I am confident, he would rather deprive himſelf of ſomething, than ſuffer his old blind mother to want.

Arabella. He does deny himſelf, to ſupply you, mother.

Mother. And let me tell you, daughter, what you do for me now, your little Harry ſhall do for you when you are old.

Arabella.

Arabella. Dear mother—you do not ſuppoſe, I hope, that I—that through any neglect of mine—

Mother. Well! well! I would not judge unkindly.

Arabella. (*Aſide*) Good God! the whole night through, have I been at work!

SCENE II.—*Enter* HARRY.

Harry. Pray mother, is it time now?

Arabella. Preſently, my dear.

Harry. (*Confidentially and in a half whiſper*) I'll tell you what, Mama,—I am hungry.

Arabella. (*Suppreſſing her tears*) Preſently, child; only wait till Jane comes back.

Mother. Poor boy! he has had no breakfaſt then!—Good God! one ſhould think, there was not a morſel of bread in the houſe!

Arabella. (*Aſide*) Alas!

Mother. Come this way, Harry; are you hungry?

Harry. I am, grandmother.

Mother. Have you had nothing to eat, this morning?

Harry. No, grandmother.

Mother. Poor thing! You ſhould have ſaved ſome of your bread and butter, laſt night.

Harry. I had not a bit, laſt night.

Mother. Is it poſſible? did your unkind parents give you nothing?

Harry. Father and Mother had nothing to themſelves.

Mother. Why did you not come to me?

Harry. I did, and ſaw you eat your ſoup; I thought you would have left me ſome; but you eat all.

Arabella. Harry eat ſo heartily of currants, yeſterday, in the afternoon, that I was afraid another meal before he went to bed, might make him ill.

Mother. Nonſenſe! children ſhould be fed well; their growth requires a good deal of nouriſhment.

Arabella. (*Aſide*) How readily would I ſoften him with my blood!

Mother.

Mother. Go, child, and aſk your Mama to give you a roll.

Harry. (Goes to Arabella) Pray, dear Mama, do, give me a roll.

Arabella. But one moment's patience, my dear; Jane will ſoon be here.

Mother. But, for goodneſs ſake, why is he to wait till Jane returns? when my Robert was of his age, he would often teaze me, and draw me away from my work; yet I did not care for that; I always got him what he wanted.—But now, ladies are grown ſo faſhionable and ſo indolent—

Arabella. You wrong me, dear mother; you do, indeed! it happens at preſent, that there are no rolls in the houſe.

Mother. So much the worſe; in a well regulated family, ſuch things can never be wanting.

Harry. Don't be angry grandmama. I will go and look for Jane. (*Runs off.*)

SCENE III.

Mother. Yes, daughter, I ſhould deſerve cenſure myſelf, were I to be ſilent. I am old and blind; work I cannot, but I muſt ſpeak my mind; do not take it amiſs.

Arabella. Your parental admonitions ſhall be ever dear to me; even when they wound my heart.

Mother. You know, when my ſon married you, I did not greatly approve of your union.

Arabella. I was poor.

Mother. During eight years, has a word dropped from my lips, like a reproach on that head?

Arabella. No, dear, good mother, never!

Mother. Certainly, I had been better ſatisfied, had you poſſeſſed ſome fortune; but then I always ſaid to myſelf—love goes a great way. My late huſband, poor man, at firſt had no property; nor had I; but we were very happy. My ſon is a rich man, through our induſtry; for God's ſake! let him chooſe as his heart directs! if the young woman is poor, ſhe will be grateful, and the more readily

readily nurſe me when I am old. I want but little; but that little I ought not to be at the trouble of aſking for. She will always have it ready, before I open my lips.

Arabella. Surely, it has always been my moſt earneſt wiſh—

Mother. Aye, daughter, it has been—*it has been*—but it is no more. Every thing has of late taken a moſt ſingular turn, and grows worſe daily. Old people are a little difficult, and are fond of order. What to young people ſeems the effect of caprice, often is indiſpenſably neceſſary to the old. The variety of youthful enjoyments is ſo great, that ſome may well be ſpared; but old age is confined to ſo few enjoyments, that it can ill afford to loſe any. And yet, daughter, (*with a tone of increaſing animation*) I will rather ſuffer want myſelf, than that my poor little grandſon be neglected! this goes to my very ſoul! you are his mother; you may love him dearly, very dearly indeed! but I am his grandmother, and love him ſtill more. (*Arabella ſilently wipes away her tears*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HARRY *and* JANE.

Harry. (*Skipping up to Arabella*) Mama, Mama, here is Jane. Now I am to have a roll!

Arabella. (*Riſes haſtily, and draws Jane aſide*) Well! have you brought me any money?

Jane. No, Madam, I have not indeed. Five places I have been at; and—it is a ſhame—they offer me no more than half-a-crown for ſuch a pair of ruffles as theſe are!

Arabella. Half-a-crown! the materials coſt me as much.

Jane. Certainly, they did, and ſo I told them; but theſe unfeeling wretches take advantage of the diſtreſs of their fellow chriſtians to enrich themſelves.

Arabella. Diſtreſs!—Diſtreſs indeed!—Run back, Jane; take the half-crown; bring tea for the old lady; and rolls for the boy. At dinner time,

time, God may befriend us. I can no more—my fingers are ſore with working.

Jane. (*Wiping her eyes*) Poor, dear Lady!

Harry. Jane, won't you give me my rolls?

Jane. Come along, my little man, you ſhall chuſe them at the baker's yourſelf.

Mother. Jane, bring me my tea.

Jane. Immediately, madam, (*Goes out with Harry*)

Mother. Immediately!—For this hour paſt have I received the ſame anſwer! I perceive I grow burthenſome in this houſe. Myſelf and my chair are both out of faſhion; we are always in the way.

Arabella. (*Aſide*) Oh God! thou alone know'ſt I do what I can! Aſſiſt me to bear more than poverty—aſſiſt me to bear unjuſt reproach, and to remain ſilent!

SCENE V.—*Enter* MAXWELL.

(*Maxwell enters with a dejected countenance; on ſeeing him, Arabella endeavours to appear more compoſed.*)

Maxwell. Good morning, mother. Good morning, dear wife.

Arabella. How are you, my love? you went abroad very early this morning.

Maxwell. (*In a half-whiſper to Arabella*) Yet came too late every where! (*Arabella caſts down her eyes, and heaves a ſigh*)

Mother. Let me tell you, Robert, your people are not worth a ruſh. I mean the ſervants.

Maxwell. (*With a tone of ſarcaſm and anguiſh*) The ſervants!

Mother. One may call them twenty times, and not one comes.

Maxwell. I ſuppoſe ſo.

Mother. They preſerve no reſpect for me.

Maxwell. Nor for me, mother.

Mother. Well then, turn the unmannerly fellows out of the houſe.

Maxwell. I have done ſo already.

Mother. Have you indeed? Are they all diſcharged?

Maxwell.

Maxwell. All.

Mother. Hum! hum!—John, however, you might have kept; he uſed to play ſo obligingly with Harry.

Maxwell. Perhaps it was for that reaſon he made free with the child's little box, which he took with him.

Mother. Was he ſo diſhoneſt? it had a gold coin of Charles the Firſt in it, a preſent of my godmother to me. But, William—is he gone too? he was a pious young man, and often in the evening read me a chapter in the bible.

Maxwell. I imagine he fell in love with your bible.

Mother. Which bible are you ſpeaking of?

Maxwell. The large one, ornamented with ſilver. He packed it up with his things.

Mother. The villain! Your poor father ſet down your birth-day in it, with his own hand.

Maxwell. My birth-day is not loſt for that.

Mother. No! no! I have it by heart; the 14th of February 1772.

Maxwell. (*Aſide, wringing his hands.*) Who will tell me the day of my death?

Mother. Old James was then a briſk lad; he was ſent on the full gallop, to my mother at Greenwich. You have not diſcharged old James, I hope?

Maxwell. No; he diſcharged himſelf.

Mother. Indeed! But why ſo?

Maxwell. I cannot tell. About three weeks ſince, I enquired after him one morning, but he was not at home.

Mother. And is not returned?

Maxwell. Not yet.

Mother. I dare ſay, child, ſome misfortune has befallen him. Poor old man!

Maxwell. Yes, mother; the greateſt misfortune that can befal a man—he has become a rogue.

Mother. Impoſſible!

Maxwell. He took up ſeveral hundreds of pounds in my name.

Mother. The hoary villain!

Maxwell. A mere trifle, dear mother! This world of ours, you know, is compoſed of the miſerable leavings of all the reſt. To be old, is to have been more frequently cheated than others; and an old man is a man who knows a great many rogues.

Mother. Robert, Robert, that is a wicked ſpeech. A great deal depends on our manner of treating people. When there is proper management in a houſe, and the ſervants are duly paid their wages, they never think of robbing their maſters in this manner.

Maxwell. But now, mother, I defy any one to rob me.

Mother. When, indeed, confuſion reigns throughout the houſe, and the miſtreſs takes care of nothing—

Maxwell. (*Impatiently*) How, mother! Hold, mother!

Mother. When parents and children are alike neglected—

Maxwell. Mother, for God's ſake!

Mother. When the miſtreſs is too indolent to go herſelf, and make a cup of tea for an old blind mother, or cut a bit of bread for an only child——

Maxwell. (*Throwing himſelf into the arms of his wife*) Arabella, forgive me!

Arabella. (*With a kind ſmile*) I have nothing to forgive.

Maxwell. (*In a low voice*) Reproaches ſo unmerited!

Arabella. They would wound to the heart, if they were merited.

Maxwell. To calumniate an angel!

Arabella. She means no ill.

Maxwell. A wife, who, theſe five weeks paſt, has ſupported mother and child with the work of her hands!

Arabella. There are few wives that can reckon up five weeks equally happy.

SCENE

SCENE VI.—*Enter* JANE *with tea, and* HARRY *with rolls.*

Jane. Here is tea, madam.

Mother. At laſt! (*Jane places the tea before the old lady, and pours out a cup*).

Harry. Good morning, papa. Look here, what fine rolls I have got!

Maxwell. But have you thanked your mother for them?

Harry. No, papa, I have not.

Maxwell. (*In a voice ſtruggling for utterance, after taking Harry up and holding him to Arabella*) Oh! thank her! thank her!

Harry. Thank you, dear mama.

Arabella. (*Kiſſing the child*) But why this, Robert! Can there be any thing more pleaſing to a mother than to ſee, in the hands of her child, a morſel of bread which ſhe herſelf has earned?

Mother. What is this? This is not my cup! (*Jane looks in a perplexed manner at Arabella*) You know, Robert, that for theſe ten years paſt, I have conſtantly uſed the cup, which John Pringle brought me from China; and now they have given me another, not half ſo ſmooth and handſome!

Maxwell. Where is the cup?

Arabella. (*In a low voice to Maxwell*) I have ſold it, dear huſband. Harry had no ſhoes; and I hoped ſhe would not perceive the difference. (*Maxwell caſts down his eyes mournfully*)—Will you forgive me, dear mother? I always made it my buſineſs, you know, to waſh your cup myſelf; and I always did it, with the utmoſt care—but yeſterday—ſomehow—I know not how—I broke your cup.

Mother. Broke it!—Well, well, daughter, my old heart will alſo break at laſt!—I ſay it, once more; things grow worſe and worſe every day. The bible is gone; the child's plaything is carried off; and now my cup is broken!—Son, ſon,

if thy poor father could know it—remember his laſt words—" May my bleſſing be converted into a curſe, ſhould your mother ever complain of you !"—Now, I do not complain ; I will not convert thy father's bleſſing into a curſe ; I will ſuffer, and not complain !—Come, Harry, lead me into my room ; ride about on thy hobby horſe, and be as noiſy as thou wilt, that my heart and the conſciences of thy parents may be ſtunned to reſt ! (*Exit, conducted by Harry and Jane.*)

SCENE VII.

Maxwell. (With a laugh of agony) Ha, ha, ha !

Arabella. (Taking his hand in hers) Dear, good Robert, put confidence in the God of mercy !

Maxwell. (Withdrawing his hand, and looking earneſtly at hers) What is this ? Blood !

Arabella. I pricked my finger with a needle ; that's all.

Maxwell. Let me ſee—Good God ! your fingers are all torn and bleeding !

Arabella. (With aſſumed careleſſneſs) 'Tis owing entirely to the childiſh vanity of having delicate hands. The ſkin at laſt grows ſo tender, that it can bear no work.

Maxwell. (Deeply affected) Good God !

Arabella. Now, how you take that again ! Often, very often, have I ſeen you in the ſun at mid-day, till the ſweat has poured down from your brow. Is a drop of ſweat of leſs value than a drop of blood ?

Maxwell. Have mercy upon me, thou Author of my involuntary exiſtence ! Point out to me ſome honeſt livelihood, however mean it may be ! —Oh, Arabella, nothing have I left untried ! The whole of this morning have I run from houſe to houſe, to get a clerk's place on the loweſt terms ; in vain ;—nobody wants me. Oh God ! thou knoweſt, that while I was proſperous, I would have given any perſon in diſtreſs, that applied to me, a news-paper to copy, rather than not give him the means of earning a few ſhillings :

Arabella.

Arabella. What has not ſucceeded to day, may ſucceed to-morrow.

Maxwell. To write, to keep accounts, and to be an honeſt man, is all I can boaſt of.—When a boy, I learned to work at a turning-loom; and yeſterday I made a trial of that. I intended to make toys for children, and carry them to market; but you know I ſprained my ancle two months ſince, and it is too weak to turn the wheel.

Arabella. The wheel of our fortune will turn at laſt.

Maxwell. I tell you, my ancle is too weak.

Arabella. Our ſufferings are unmerited!

Maxwell. Is that a conſolation?

Arabella. Aſſuredly, Robert, it is a powerful conſolation. Hunger ſcarcely gnaws, where conſcience does not gnaw; deſpair overwhelms only the guilty; hope is ſweet only to the honeſt mind; and confidence is the attendant of innocence.

Maxwell. Hope! in what?—Confidence! in whom?

Arabella. In God, and men.

Maxwell. Men? Ha! Ha!—Had you been a witneſs this morning—

Arabella. Did you make your diſtreſs known?

Maxwell (*Haughtily*) Heaven forbid!

Arabella. But, how ſhould any one know?—

Maxwell. Aye! that is the point! ſuch is man. He that does not appear before him, with wooden legs, or covered with rags, that cannot cry aloud—I am wretched—I aſk charity—is paſſed by. Nobody will take the trouble to trace ſorrow in pale cheeks, and aid the timid, whoſe lips are cloſed with ſhame.

Arabella. Have not you often done this? and would you be ſo vain as to ſuppoſe there are not others good like yourſelf?

Maxwell. No! No: by no means!—Yet where?—But, ſtay—I am wrong—one I found this morning—

Arabella. Well?

Maxwell. The only one of whom I would not accept a drop of water in the burning thirſt of a fever.

Arabella. I don't underſtand you—

Maxwell. (*After a pauſe*) Walwyn.

Arabella. Walwyn! You did well. No, from him you muſt not accept of any thing; though he deſerves, more than any other perſon, the confidence of a generous mind.

Maxwell. We met near St. Paul's—"Good morning, Maxwell; how fare you?"—"Very well."—"You look poorly."—"Some time ſince, I hurt my leg, which obliged me to keep my bed, and has made me rather thin."—He looked ſtedfaſtly in my face. I dare ſay, I looked confuſed. He ſeized my hand: and I gaped with aſtoniſhment.—"Should you need a friend?" ſaid he, in a tone which from any other lips, would have ſubdued my heart. I anſwered careleſsly, and with a forced ſmile—"Friends we want daily."—"You will not underſtand me," he replied; "and perhaps I ſuſpect the reaſon. But a true friend you ſhould never reject, in whatever form he may appear. Can I be of ſervice to you? Try me; and call me monſter, if I fail you!" Here he preſſed my hand, and haſtened away from me.

Arabella. (*Greatly affected*) Walwyn is a worthy man.

Maxwell. (*After a pauſe, during which he obſerves Arabella with ſome degree of uneaſineſs*) Ah! I ſhould not have told you this!

Arabella. (*Gently chiding him*) Why not?

Maxwell. A man whom once you loved!

Arabella. I am your wife.

Maxwell. A man who undoubtedly loves you ſtill!

Arabella. Men like him may love me.

Maxwell. To whom you would have given your hand, but for my unhappy intervention.

Arabella. Pray, my love, no more of this.

Maxwell.

Maxwell. Poor Walwyn was compelled to give way to the wealthy Maxwell.—Now Walwyn is rich, and Maxwell a beggar.

Arabella. Does that increase *his* worth, or leſſen *your's?*

Maxwell. But for me, you were now a happy wife.

Arabella. Am I unhappy? (*Maxwell takes her hand and points to her fingers*) That is no reply. Such ſores heal eaſily. Have I nothing that may be envied in my fortune?—I am the mother of a lovely boy: I am the wife of an honeſt man: he is poor, but not poor in his love for me: he has been defrauded of his property, but no one ſhall beguile him of his domeſtic happineſs! He who can ſtill give and receive joy, has no right to complain of wretchedneſs.

Maxwell. 'Tis in vain, dear wife; you cannot efface from my mind, the agonizing thought, that I have entangled you in my miſery. When I firſt addreſſed you, and the gentle Walwyn withdrew his pretenſions; your heart belonged to him.

Arabella. Yes, I loved him. I confeſſed it to you, and my frankneſs gained your confidence. Shall I forfeit that confidence by the ſame confeſſion, now that it would be without foundation?

Maxwell. You became mine, becauſe your father interpoſed his authority; becauſe you were poor, and he longed to ſee you decently provided for.

Arabella. And now I am yours, by my own choice. Nature has united us with her ſtrongeſt tie; you are the father of my child.

Maxwell. Which your feeble hands muſt ſupport.

Arabella. The clergyman, who married us, ſpoke to us of both good and ill.

Maxwell. Woe, woe be to me, wretched being! This noble, this adorable woman might have been happy by the ſide of a worthy man! But forth came the wealthy Maxwell, poſſeſſed of thouſands,

thouſands, not earned by him, but inherited from his father, improved this miſerable advantage, and purchaſed a heart whoſe value far exceeds all the riches of Peru. He ſtole the beſt of wives—to—to let her periſh with hunger. Woe, woe to me, wretched man! *(He grows faint, endeavours to conceal it, and takes hold of the back of a chair.)*

Arabella. How ingenious you are to torture yourſelf! What do we want? We are poor; that's all. May not one ſingle moment change our fate? On ſeeing, yeſterday, the burial of our neighbour's child—his only child—on ſeeing the ſorrow-ſtricken father tottering behind the coffin—on hearing the mother's cries through the window—you ſaid yourſelf—Theſe people are ſtill more unfortunate than we!

Maxwell. But, the child did not periſh for hunger!---

Arabella. No; nor ſhall our child periſh for hunger. He has a mother who, when ſhe can work no longer, will not be aſhamed to beg for her child. *(Maxwell ſtaggers, and is obliged to ſit down)* Dear Robert, what's the matter? you are ill?

Maxwell. No, no.---I am very well---only a little faint——

Arabella. No wonder; you have been running about ſince the dawn---perhaps you have not even broken your faſt!

Maxwell. Yes; I have.

Arabella. Where, pray?

Maxwell. At the coffee-houſe.

Arabella. Robert! I know you had no money!

Maxwell. I had a few ſhillings left.

Arabella. For ſome days paſt, it ſeems, you purpoſely abſent yourſelf, when our ſcanty dinners and ſuppers are ſerved up——

Maxwell. (With ſome bitterneſs) If you have plenty, invite gueſts!

Arabella. Robert, you do not deprive yourſelf, I hope, of food?—Do you? *(With great anxiety)* Look at me!—Where have you dined of late?

Maxwell.

Maxwell. (With a forced ſmile) You think, I ſuppoſe, that I have faſted.—Be comforted, my Arabella; I have a numerous acquaintance: and though they may fear my aſking for aſſiſtance; a bit of dinner they will not refuſe me.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter a* MESSENGER *with a letter.*

Meſſenger. (*Delivering the letter*) Mr. Robert Maxwell. (*Going*)

Maxwell. Is no anſwer required?

Meſſenger. No, Sir, (*Exit*)

Maxwell (*Reads*) "Mr. Edward Gibſon, the banker, has an order to advance Mr. Robert Maxwell the ſum of one thouſand pounds, to enable him to carry on his interrupted buſineſs. Should fortune ſmile on him again, his creditor will make himſelf known."

Arabella. Well, Robert, are there not ſtill ſome good men in the world?

Maxwell. (*Sits long in profound meditation; then again looks ſtedfaſtly at the note*) I do not know the hand.

Arabella. What does that matter? It is the hand of a worthy man.

Maxwell. (*After a pauſe, riſes from his chair, and holds the paper up to Arabella*) Do you know the hand!

Arabella. (*Caſting a ſlight glance at the note*) I do not.

Maxwell. Arabella—you never yet deceived me—I conjure you by the life of our only child—Do you know the hand? (*Arabella remains ſilent*) it is Walwyn's hand—is it not? (*Arabella burſts into tears, and withdraws*) No! no! rather ſtarve!—*Stand* I will—or muſt *fall*—but I will not be *cruſhed!*

SCENE IX.—*Enter* LANDLORD.

Landlord. Good morning, Sir.

Maxwell. Good morning, my friend.

Landlord. Theſe rooms are very fine—an't they?

Maxwell. Certainly, very fine.

Landlord.

Landlord. Handſome rooms, indeed—convenient, and elegant! But they alſo coſt a rare deal of money—upon my ſoul, they did!

Maxwell. I have no doubt.

Landlord. A load of money, hard earned!—have nothing but this houſe here—muſt live upon the rent—you underſtand me.

Maxwell. Yes, I do.

Landlord. You are a fine gentleman, Sir—a very civil gentleman—but for theſe four months paſt, I have not ſeen a ſhilling of rent.

Maxwell. Indeed, I am extremely ſorry it has happened ſo.

Landlord. So am I. But that won't do. I muſt have money.

Maxwell. But a little patience——

Landlord. Aye, aye!—Patience is a ſpecial fine virtue; and with plenty of money one may be as patient as you pleaſe. But with me, it is from hand to mouth: the ſtomach knows of no patience.

Maxwell. I beg only a few days longer.

Landlord. A day, do you ſee, contains twenty-four hours; and in twenty-four hours, one wants three meals. One word for all, I can wait no longer. To-morrow I muſt have my money, or provide a lodging for you which will not coſt you a farthing.

Maxwell. Hard hearted man!

Landlord. Hard or ſoft, juſt as it happens. When I ſee money, I am as ſoft as melting wax.

Maxwell. You will not, I hope, thruſt out of doors, a blind helpleſs woman, ſeventy years old!

Landlord. Thruſt her out of doors! Heaven forbid! That would be ſo rude!—I ſhall lead her out of the houſe very gently.

Maxwell. And leave her in the ſtreet?

Landlord. What's that to me? I did not build my houſe to make it a hoſpital for blind women.

Maxwell. (*With vehemence*) Be gone, Sir! leave the room! while I inhabit theſe apartments, I am the maſter here.

Landlord.

Landlord. Very well—the maſterſhip won't laſt long, I believe. "Be gone---leave the room," indeed!—Let me tell you, my fine gentleman, ſuch language won't do for people with empty purſes and empty pockets. The rich have the privilege of being rude, that one puts up with; that's the cuſtom; money makes amends for every thing; but without money the fineſt gentleman in the land muſt ſtoop, and be humble, or he marches to Newgate. Do you underſtand me?—(*Exit*)

SCENE X.

Maxwell. Full well do I underſtand you! Wife and child reduced to beggary!—my old blind mother in the ſtreets!—and I in a gaol!—Belton, Belton! thou who didſt rob thy creditors, and by a fraudulent bankruptcy didſt plunge me into this miſery—couldſt thou behold this extreme diſtreſs of an innocent family?—Oh! never have I yet curſed any human being! Belton, I curſe thee!

SCENE XI. *Enter a* JEW.

Jew. Good day to you, Sir.

Maxwell. That grant me, gracious God!

Jew. You owe me fifty pounds.

Maxwell. I know I do.

Jew. Can you pay me?

Maxwell. No.

Jew. That's very bad indeed. (*Maxwell ſhrugs his ſhoulders*) I have got your note for the ſum.

Maxwell. I know you have.

Jew. And know alſo what I can do?

Maxwell. Yes; throw me into gaol.

Jew. Yet, I ſhou'd not like to do that.

Maxwell. I am obliged to you for your compaſſion.

Jew. You were formerly a regular honeſt man.

Maxwell. Honeſt I am ſtill.

Jew. You uſed to pay me very punctually indeed.

Maxwell. But, now I am undone.

Jew. Hum!—What ſhall I do?

Maxwell.

Maxwell. What you pleaſe. But, before you make your reſolution, pray ſtep into this room; you will there find a wife, pale with grief, a helpleſs babe, and an old blind matron.

Jew. But you—do not take it amiſs—you are a man of information, and accuſtomed to induſtrious purſuits---

Maxwell. Sir, for the laſt three days have I run about with the perſeverance of the ant, in queſt of ſome perſon who would give me bread for work. Sir, you are a Jew; to you, I will confeſs it—to a Chriſtian I would not. For theſe two days, not a morſel of any thing have I taſted—*(the Jew puts his hand haſtily into his pocket, and ſeizing Maxwell's hand, endeavours to ſlip a linen purſe into it)* No, no! that muſt not be.

Jew. Why not? Becauſe I am a Jew?

Maxwell. Fie, fie! if ſuch were my ſentiments, I ſhould deſerve my ſufferings!

Jew. Well then, take it.

Maxwell. I am unable to repay you.

Jew. The God of my forefathers will repay me.

Maxwell. God! if it was thy will, that I ſhould be poor, why didſt thou plant this pride in my boſom!—No, Sir, charity I cannot accept: but procure me work, and I will thank you. Grant me ſome reſpite, with regard to my debt; and I, with my wife and child, will thank you.

Jew. Sir, I was a ſtranger to your misfortunes—otherwiſe I ſhould not have come to aſk my money. No, by the God of my forefathers, I would not have come for it! farewell, Sir. *(He tears the note and throws it away)*—There lies the paltry ſcrap! *(Goes out haſtily)*

Maxwell. Sir! Sir!—*(Is going after him, but ſeeing the Jew gone, he ſtops)* Yes, yes, there yet are men—but not among Chriſtians. Blockhead that I was, to paſs by an Iſraelite at the Exchange, as if the humanity of that people had been drowned in the Red Sea---Blockhead that I was, not to recollect the important truth, that in ninety-nine caſes

caſes of an hundred, the *deſpiſed* is more worthy than the *man who deſpiſes him*. Yes, I will once more crawl about; in every public place exhibit the image of my diſtreſs; this Jew has rekindled the ſmothered ſpark of my confidence in human kindneſs. Among a million of inhabitants, ſurely I may find *one*, who has a letter to write, or an account to ſum up.

SCENE XII. *Enter* HARRY.

Harry. I have eaten enough, papa, will you ſave me this roll?

Maxwell. I ſave bread for you, child!—ten diamonds rather than one roll!

Harry. Diamonds!—I have none.

Maxwell. Let me ſee that roll. (*The boy gives it him*) You have eaten enough, did you ſay?

Harry. Yes, papa, quite enough. (*He amuſes himſelf with playthings; Maxwell is ſilent for ſome time, eyeing the roll with deſire, and an evident ſtruggle between his hunger and his regard for the boy's wants*)

Maxwell. When do you think you ſhall be hungry again?

Harry. Oh, very ſoon!

Maxwell. Soon? (*He puts the roll on the table, and turns away with evident uneaſineſs*) How long is it till dinner-time?

Harry. About an hour, papa.

Maxwell. (*Looking eagerly at the roll*) Before dinner, you will not eat any thing? ſhall you?

Harry. No papa. (*Maxwell reaches out his hand for the roll*) But at preſent, I always get ſo little.

Maxwell. Little! (*Withdrawing his hand*)

Harry. Mama, to be ſure, helps me often from her own plate; but then, ſhe has not got much herſelf.

Maxwell. (*Haſtily*) There, there! take care of your roll yourſelf.

Harry. And Phylax—papa—poor old Phylax—you may count every rib he has;—yeſterday, he

ſtole a bone in the landlord's kitchen, and got ſuch a beating—poor creature!

Maxwell. My Phylax!—Child, you miſtake. The poor old dog can hardly crawl.

Harry. But he crawled down the ſtair-caſe—He muſt have been very hungry indeed!

Maxwell. Poor old Phylax! thou once didſt reſcue me from a robber; and I then promiſed to feed thee carefully till thy death.—Do, Harry, give Phylax your roll. *(He haſtens away)*

Harry. (Running out with the roll) Phylax! Phylax!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Public Garden. In the Back Ground, a Pharo Table;* DEMPSTER *and ſeveral other Gamblers ſitting around it. Apart from the reſt, and nearer to the front of the Stage, ſits* HARRINGTON, *with a Bottle of Wine before him: He reſts his Chin on the head of his Cane; and ſeems to take little Notice of what is going on around him. On the oppoſite Side ſits* DUMFRIES, *ſmoking a Pipe.* MAXWELL *walks about with an Air of deep Affliction: caſts a ſcrutinizing Look, now on* HARRINGTON, *now on* DUMFRIES; *then turns for ſome Moments to the Pharo Table. Deſpair, Scorn, and a miſanthropical Averſion for all around him, writhe his Countenance with convulſive Movements of the Features.*

(For ſome time, only ſingle words relative to the Game, ſuch as Cinq et Roi—Paroli—Dame et Dame—Soli, *&c.—are heard from the Pharo Table.)*

DEMPSTER, *at laſt riſing, advances; views* MAXWELL *with a keen Eye, meaſuring him, as it were, from Head to Foot; then beckons to him.*

MAXWELL *(Approaching with an air of heſitation)* DO you wiſh to ſpeak with me, Sir?

Dempſter. Yes, Sir; I wiſh to have the honour of your acquaintance.

Maxwell.

Maxwell. A very obliging wiſh! Can I, in any manner ſerve you?

Dempſter. I believe that you can.

Maxwell. I ſhall do it with pleaſure.

Dempſter. But I, perhaps, miſtake, in regard to you?—

Maxwell. Not—if you ſuppoſe me an honeſt man.

Dempſter. Honeſt?—yes—certainly——*we are*, among ourſelves, the moſt honeſt people living.

Maxwell. I do not underſtand you, Sir.

Dempſter. Why; we account to each other, with the ſtricteſt honour, for whatever we earn; one, for inſtance, plays at Brookes's—another at White's:—and they ſhare the winnings equally between them, without the concealment of a ſingle ſhilling.

Maxwell. Very well, Sir! But what is this to me?—

Dempſter. You are a deep one: but I have found you out—I know my men!—Place any ſtranger you pleaſe, at the pharo-table: and within a quarter of an hour, I will tell you, exactly, how far he underſtands the game.

Maxwell. You think that I underſtand it?

Dempſter. *(Smiling)* Do not diſſemble,—Pray, don't:—I have long obſerved you.—There is, among us, a novice whom we diſlike:—he who now holds the cards.—Your looks,—the air of bitter ſcorn, with which you, more than once, viewed his blunders,—have convinced me, that I addreſs myſelf to one who is a maſter in our profeſſion. Only confirm me in this opinion, by a trial;—and your fortune is made!—

Maxwell. How, Sir?

Dempſter. I do aſſure you, Sir, that you will find yourſelf in a company of honeſt good-humoured fellows; who look upon the whole world, as a large gambling houſe; in which every one banks his talents, and where no one loſes but he who punts the cried-down coin of *virtue*.

Maxwell. *(Struggling to reſtrain his indignation)* Sir! your principles are as new to me, as your game, to which I am an utter ſtranger.

Dempſter. Sure, Sir, you jeſt?—You are, perhaps, already connected with a different company. If ſo, then *(putting his fingers on his lips)* you can be ſilent! Brothers of a trade muſt not betray one another. But if you heſitate on another ſcore; if you miſtruſt my character;—I would have you to know, Sir, that I am a man of known and undoubted honour. I am well received in all the firſt houſes. My name is Baron Dempſter. To-night I ſhall be at the Ducheſs's *rout* in Pall-mall. *(He turns from Maxwell, and ſits again down at the pharo-table)*

Maxwell. *(Continues ſtanding, with his arms folded)* So, then! If I chuſe to become a raſcal, I ſhall not want *for bread*,—I may riot in plenty.—A raſcal!—No.—Baron Dempſter is well received in the firſt houſes.—*(With a laugh of mingled ſcorn and anguiſh)* Oh! for your firſt houſes! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE II.—*Enter* FLOOD, *who walks about, looking among the company, with an air of keen obſervation and enquiry.*

Maxwell. *(Perceiving him)* Ha! This man ſeems in eager ſearch for ſomething. O that he may want work!—work that I can perform!

Flood. *(Coming up to him, and looking earneſtly on him)*

Maxwell. Sir, if you want a man who will be happy to earn a ſhilling; he is before you.

Flood. It is exactly ſuch a man I want.

Maxwell. Pray, then, take me; if the taſk be not above my ſtrength?

Flood. The taſk is the eaſieſt in the world. I am engaged in a law-ſuit: my opponent has produced three witneſſes, who have ſworn in his favour: I muſt bring ſix to outſwear them. Five I have procured. If you will be the ſixth, you may earn a guinea in an inſtant?

Maxwell.

Maxwell. I—a witneſs—in a cauſe entirely unknown to me?—

Flood. What of that?—Sure, you know the practice of the courts!—A bell rings. You ſtep forward,—kiſs the bible, are examined,—anſwer agreeably to inſtructions with which I ſhall have furniſhed you,—after a few minutes, walk off, with a guinea in your pocket,—and ſpend it as you pleaſe.

Maxwell. And, pray, what ſhall I do with my conſcience?

Flood. Poh! poh! Such things are done, in London, every day. Beſides, a juſter cauſe than mine was never brought before a court. My opponent is a ſwindler, a fraudulent banker, one Belton.

Maxwell. (*With anxious ſurpriſe*) Belton!—

Flood. Ay! Belton.—Do you know the man?

Maxwell. Know him!—I *do* know him.

Flood. You cannot know any thing good of him.

Maxwell. I cannot ſay that I do. But, if I were even thoroughly acquainted with the particulars of your cauſe; againſt this man, I cannot come forward as a witneſs.

Flood. Why not?

Maxwell. He is my enemy.

Flood. So much the better!

Maxwell. He has reduced me to miſery.

Flood. Has he? Better ſtill!—You ſhall have your revenge; and bear witneſs, for me againſt him.

Maxwell. No, Sir! I am in want, in extreme want. A guinea would be to me a treaſure. Yet, not for worlds, would I earn it at your price!

Flood. As you pleaſe. Two of my witneſſes coſt me but half what I offered you: and I ſhould eaſily find a dozen before night, ready to ſerve me for the ſame money. (*Flood retires.*)

Maxwell. (*Looking earneſtly after him*) O God! O God! How capricious and falſe are the moral judgments of men!—I may ſend the fellow who picks my pocket, to the gaol, and to the gallows:

yet ſuch wretches as thoſe walk proudly about, and are reſpected as gentlemen!

SCENE III.—JOHN HARTOPP *bears acroſs the ſtage a burthen, which he puts down, for a moment, while he removes his hair from his face, and wipes the ſweat from his brow.*)

Maxwell. This is a heavy burthen, friend.

Hartopp. Very heavy!

Maxwell. To what place do you bear it?

Hartopp. To Golden Square.

Maxwell. You have, ſtill, a good way to go.

Hartopp. A great way.

Maxwell. How much are you paid for the carriage?

Hartopp. A ſhilling.

Maxwell. It is little enough.

Hartopp. But, I can earn my three or four ſhillings a day.

Maxwell. And does that ſupport you?

Hartopp. Be ſure, it does.

Maxwell. Have you a wife and children?

Hartopp. Aye; a very good creature for a wife, and three fine boys.

Maxwell. And, what little you earn, ſupports them all?

Hartopp. Little! it is enough: we never yet went to bed hungry. On Sundays, we have our hot dinner, and our pint of ale, as well as other folks.

Maxwell. And you are happy?

Hartopp. Happy! aye, maſter, that we are, in our very hearts. When I come home at night, my three boys run ſo joyfully about me, and their mother brings the diſh for ſupper, full of hot potatoes;—there is a reliſh for you, maſter!—there is a reliſh!

Maxwell. (*Aſide*) Good! very good! ſince ſo little ſuffices to man, for happineſs, and for the ſupport of life; why may not I procure that little? (*Aloud*) Let me try, friend, whether I cannot lift up your load?

Hartopp.

Hartopp. With all my heart.

Maxwell. Put it on my ſhoulders. I wiſh to try, how far I can carry it.

Hartopp. (*Laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! you will find it too heavy for you, maſter. (*He puts it on Maxwell's ſhoulders, who ſinks under it to the ground*)

Hartopp. It won't do.

Maxwell. (*Riſing up,—in a tone of anguiſh*) No, no! it will not!

Hartopp. (*Taking up his burthen.*) A good day to you, maſter. Poor folks muſt not loſe their time in chatting idly. (*Exit.*

Maxwell. (*Alone*) Fool!—Unlucky wretch! thou haſt not for theſe two days taſted even a cup of tea;—and thou wouldſt carry a porter's load! (*He wrings his hands in deſpair*) Poor Robert! Is it then come to this? a man muſt be either a villain or a beggar. Oh! to die for Arabella, were eaſier far, than to beg for her! Yet, by dying, I cannot better any thing here.—Away, away, vain pride! down thou haughty ſwelling heart! a wife! a child! a mother old and blind!—

SCENE IV.

Maxwell. (*Coming up to Harrington*)---Sir—

Harrington. (*Starting in ſurpriſe*) What is the matter?

Maxwell. I am unfortunate; and a man of honour is doubly ſo, when his diſtreſs forces him to be troubleſome.

Harrington. (*Looks on him with a vacant ſtare*)

Maxwell. I ſolicit not alms! but the means of earning wages.

Harrington. (*Sarcaſtically*) Unfortunate?—Hear me, Sir! Are you married?

Maxwell. I am; I have the beſt of wives.

Harrington. Any children?

Maxwell. A fine boy.

Harrington. So! this is ever the anſwer. Wife and child,---child and wife; yet unfortunate! your complaint is very unreaſonable, Sir!

Maxwell.

Maxwell. Much as I love them, I ſhould be leſs miſerable without my wife and my child. I ſhould then ſtarve and die alone!

Harrington. Want, then, conſtitutes the only miſery you know. And whenever you meet with a perſon ſufficiently humane to ſhare with you his ſuperfluity; your diſtreſs will be removed. But what remains for me, who poſſeſs, perhaps, a million of money, and am yet miſerable, beyond the power of man to relieve?

Maxwell. Why ſhould you deem your condition ſo hopeleſs? (*With looks of ſurpriſe and perplexity*)

Harrington. You, Sir, can walk about, and make your complaint: and though you ſhould meet with nothing but unfeeling inſolence from ninety-nine out of an hundred of thoſe you apply to; perhaps the hundreth may take you kindly by the hand, and ſay, "Come, I will aſſiſt you."—The Bank of England is rich; yet cannot pay me for my ſon! The king is great, yet cannot reſtore to me my ſon!

Maxwell. Sir, I pity you.

Harrington. I want not your pity. A rich man finds, every where, enow to pity him. But, a tear—a tear— I cannot weep. And no eye ſheds a tear for my ſorrows!—

Maxwell. That a man of ſuch feelings ſhould aſk, in vain, for compaſſion and ſympathy!—

Harrington. No, no; couſins of every degree, are flocking about me; rubbing their eyes with onions; and laughing behind their handkerchiefs; "So! Old Harrington!" ſay they, "is now childleſs! A rich inheritance! turned of ſeventy! —he cannot weather it long!—

Maxwell. Poor man!—

Harrington. Poor, indeed!—Yes, Sir, though maſter of more than half a million of money; I may envy you who crave my charity. People have too long miſnamed me, the rich Harrington. But nobody knew what was the only riches I valued: nobody knew, that my George, my only child, was, to me, all my wealth!

Maxwell.

Maxwell. And, this ſon died?

Harrington. Ah! had he but died;---had but a fever cut him off:---I might, then, have paſſed ſome weeks in nurſing him, by his bed-ſide: hope might have contended, for a while, with fear, in my boſom: and if his illneſs had been increaſed, in ſpite of all our cares, to the laſt agony; paternal affection might have wrung from my heart this laſt prayer:---"O God! end his ſufferings!"---But, thus---thus!---in the bloom of youth——in all the flush and vigour of health ——he was drowned, Sir, was drowned yeſterday, while bathing!---

Maxwell. Unhappy father!---

Harrington. No more a father.---Yeſterday, when the ſun roſe, my ſon lived---To-day, no one bade me---Good-morrow! I ſtand, alone, on the brink of the cold yawning grave! There is none to take me by the hand, and bid me---good-night while I deſcend into that dark and ſilent abode!---

Maxwell. And, was there no means to ſave him?---

Harrington. None.

Maxwell. The Humane Society——?

Harrington. Could——

Maxwell. Have not hundreds been recovered by the means of this benevolent inſtitution?

Harrington. True. I am myſelf a member of the Society. I have known the joy of reſtoring a huſband to his wife, a ſon to his mother. I may ſay, in truth, that I was ever one of the moſt active members. My aſſociates eagerly flew to attempt the recovery of my ſon. No means was left untried. For hours I hung over his breathleſs body, preſſed his pallid lips with mine, and employed every conceivable art to rekindle the flame of life,---in vain. I kneeled till my knees were ſtiffened: till my voice was hoarſe, I called on the God of mercy. God heard me not. No, he heard me not. I have loſt my all. Nothing remains to

me,

me, but money, money which I would give all away ten-thouſand times---to hear but once more the voice of my ſon, even as he called to me for the laſt time---"Father!"---from the ſtream.---Go, Sir; leave me, leave me alone! You have made me to open my lips to complain;---and I had reſolved not to complain. You have brought burning tears into my eyes;---and I had determined not to weep. No, my grief ſhall ſuffocate me in ſilence. And ſhould you ſtill talk of misfortunes, after having thus ſeen the lacerated bleeding heart of a father, then, Sir,---then you are a common beggar! (*Ariſes and withdraws*)

Maxwell. He wrongs me, cruelly wrongs me. But his heart is full. All his ſenſibilities are abſorbed in the contemplation of his own griefs. But it is, ſurely, leſs miſerable to ſee one's darling child lie dead before you,---than to behold that child pine away by inches, and periſh for hunger. Time paſſes. Once I could feel for the ſufferings of others. The tale now whiſtles by my ears, but cannot touch my writhing heart.

SCENE V.---MAXWELL *accoſts* DUMFRIES.

Maxwell. Sir, you are, I believe, a man of buſineſs.

Dumfries. I am a man of buſineſs, Sir.

Maxwell. You may, perhaps, want a perſon who can write and calculate accompts, underſtands book-keeping by double and ſingle entry, and is maſter of the French and Engliſh languages.

Dumfries. (*After viewing him*) Upon what terms, pray, would you expect to be employed?

Maxwell. I aſk, but a bare maintenance.

Dumfries. That is to be obtained.

Maxwell. My benefactor! my deliverer!

Dumfries. Are you willing to go out to India?

Maxwell. (*Alarmed*) To India!---

Dumfries. If you can give me a reſpectable reference for your character; I am willing to procure you a writer's place in the ſervice of the Eaſt India company.

Maxwell.

Maxwell. I am married.

Dumfries. That is againſt you.

Maxwell. I have a child, and a mother who is old and blind.

Dumfries. Then you will not do for me. But if you can leave you wife, your child, and your mother, you may go on board within a few days.

Maxwell. Leave my wife and child?—my life ſooner!——

Dumfries. Who talks of your leaving life, Sir?

Maxwell. Sir, I cannot leave them.

Dumfries. As you pleaſe. (*He knocks out his pipe*) Think over the matter by yourſelf. You are not the firſt man that has left a wife and a child. You will not be the laſt. Beware of loſing an opportunity, ſuch as may not, every day, recur to you. You will find me, every morning, at the Golden Anchor, near Groſvenor-ſquare. (*Exit.*)

(*The* GAMBLERS *riſe from the table in the back-ground, and withdraw.*)

SCENE VI.—MAXWELL *alone.*

Maxwell. O God! thou openeſt to me, a path of eſcape out of this maze of ſuffering—but, a path I cannot tread!—Leave Arabella!—Leave my mother, aged and blind!—No:—Never! (*He walks about wildly*) Are there no other means? Cannot I take a bruſh, and preſent myſelf to clean people's ſhoes, as they paſs? No honeſt ſhift that will ſupply bread to my family, can be diſgraceful. (*Pauſes*) Or, ſhall I follow the gambler, and make myſelf his accomplice in robbery? Would it be an unpardonable crime, to commit an act of robbery—but *for once* in my life?—And this, to prevent all that is dear to me, from periſhing for hunger?—No, Maxwell! think of the noble ſoul of thy wife! Do not wound her heart with worſe than the pangs of death. (*Pauſes again*) That gentleman was in the right: better, better far, to leave wife and child, than, by my preſence, to enhance their ſufferings. Muſt *they* not live without *me*, becauſe

I cannot

I cannot live without *them?* I will be gone: I will go to India. Fool! Will that give them bread? Oh! could I, but by any honeſt means, ſecure to them ſubſiſtence; I would ſet off for India, this moment. They might weep for my abſence. But, if they had only bread to eat; what, though they ſhould moiſten it with their tears? (*Again a pauſe*) O God! thou who feedeſt the fowls of the air, who clotheſt the callow young in the neſt!—pour but one ray of chearing light into my ſoul! Shew me only a protector for my wife! (*He gazes wildly around him*) Faces, every where,---human faces; but, no men---no humanity! (*Shudders*) Ah! there! Walwyn comes. (*With a faint hollow voice*) Walwyn! (*Stops, as if ſuddenly rooted to the ground, and pores with downcaſt eyes*) What was this? What darted through my brain? Oh---h---h! I ſhudder at the thought! Let me graſp thee, thou terrible ſtranger! Thou weareſt a hideous maſk; yet art, perhaps, deſtined the ſaviour of my wife. Stay! let me accuſtom myſelf to thy view! (*Pauſes*) Well! And what matters it? Thou goeſt to India ---art dead to Arabella,---but, wilt live in her remembrance, while Harry lives.---Thy blind and aged mother is provided for.---Happy! (*deeply affected*) happy!---Why not?---Is ſhe to be miſerable, becauſe I am ſo?---Do'ſt thou love her as dearly as ſhe deſerves?---(*With calm dignity*) Well, then! true love is capable of ſacrificing even itſelf. (*Pauſes*) No! It is not any malignant influence, impoſing on my diſordered fancy!---This is the path which fate points out,---the only one. No tenderneſs for my own feelings ſhall draw me back. (*Caſts a look towards Walwyn*) O God! Let me find him, as I wiſh!---As I wiſh?---No,---as I am forced to wiſh!——

SCENE VII.---*Enter* WALWYN.

Maxwell. (*In great agitation walks up to him and graſps his hand*) Good Walwyn! how fortunate it is to me, that you happen to come this way!

Walwyn.

Walwyn. I ſhall rejoice if I can make it ſo.

Maxwell. I have much to ſay to you.

Walwyn. Shall I attend you to my houſe?

Maxwell. (*Looks around*) We are alone, I muſt give my heart vent.

Walwyn. You are exceedingly agitated. Say, how can I ſerve you?

Maxwell. You, this morning offered me your aſſiſtance.

Walwyn. Sincerely, from my heart.

Maxwell. And ſoon after ſent me a moſt generous preſent.

Walwyn. You miſtake, Maxwell.

Maxwell. I do not. Theſe lines (*Producing Walwyn's Letter from his Pocket*) are in your own handwriting. They have indelibly impreſſed themſelves upon my heart. They beſpeak the worth of the man whom I robbed of the object of his love, the man who ought to hate me!

Walwyn. How could I hate the man who has made Arabella happy?

Maxwell. I am, indeed, deeply affected by the delicacy of your conduct; your magnanimity overpowers me. I was never accuſtomed to receive favours. Take back your preſent. (*Forces the paper into his hand.*)

Walwyn. Why, Maxwell, ſince you know that I mean well, ſhould you diſdain my aſſiſtance?

Maxwell. I ſhall not ſcruple to lay open my heart to you. It is not haughty diſdain; it is ſelf-torturing caprice. But my feelings are thoſe of a man; and I will not ſtrive againſt them.--Walwyn---of all human beings, you are the laſt, whoſe aſſiſtance I would accept.

Walwyn. Unreaſonable caprice!

Maxwell. Is it caprice? can a man of ſuch feelings name it ſo;---when my whole heart revolts, with horror, againſt the idea of aſſiſtance from you? my Arabella loved you. To aſſiſt us, would give you a degree of merit, in the eyes of my wife, which I could not patiently think of. Could I

look upon her without ſhame and anguiſh, while her conſcious looks might ſeem to tell me,---that we were ſupported by the bounty of him, who was once, my rival in her love? Could I bear to reflect,---could I ſuffer her to reflect while we eat each meal,---"This morſel we owe to Walwyn: but for his charity, we might ſtarve?"---No, no; generous man, I ſhould thank you, and---hate you!

Walwyn. Maxwell, drive all ſuch thoughts from your mind. Your misfortunes have diſordered your imagination. What are a thouſand pounds to me? Beſides, it is but a loan. A man like you, muſt ſoon riſe by induſtry and activity, above misfortune. You ſhall, at a future time, repay my money---with intereſt, if you will have it ſo.

Maxwell. And, to whoſe hand, ſhould I then, owe my reſtoration from ruin?

Walwyn. But, Maxwell, will you leave your family to the agonies of extreme want; rather than ſuppreſs theſe over-refined feelings?

Maxwell. You miſtake me, Walwyn, my family ſhall not be left to pine in want. It is but for myſelf, I refuſe your proffered kindneſs. *Me* you ſhall not relieve;---*me alone!*

Walwyn. Whom elſe?

Maxwell. (Pauſing, endeavours to ſummon up all his firmneſs) Walwyn, I have an important queſtion to put to you,---a moſt intereſting queſtion?

Walwyn. (With anxious expectation) Well?

Maxwell. Do you ſtill love Arabella?

Walwyn. (Evaſively) Why?

Maxwell. By your belief in that Infinite and Supreme Being who is in us and about us,---by your benevolence and my deſpair,---I conjure you, anſwer me ſincerely!---Do you ſtill love Arabella?

Walwyn. Good God! Maxwell, what means this? your lips tremble, your eyes roll——

Maxwell. You would force upon me a preſent of a thouſand pounds,—will you not, in mercy, utter a few ſyllables to relieve my deſpair? Pity theſe agonies, this almoſt alienation of mind, under which you behold me!——

Walwyn.

Walwyn. Though I am at a loſs to conceive, how my anſwer can give you relief; yet your demand is ſo earneſt and ſo ſingular, and my feelings are ſo pure and ſanctified, that I do not heſitate a moment to confeſs—I ſtill love Arabella!

Maxwell. Is your love but a penſive remembrance?—or is it lively as the cheriſhed dream of yeſterday? have the colours of the picture faded?—or are they ſtill bright and vivid?

Walwyn. A man who has for theſe eight years, ſtudiouſly avoided all intercourſe with you,—a man who has religiouſly reſpected the rights of the huſband, and the virtue of the wife,—may anſwer without heſitation;—I ſtill love her, as on the firſt day when I wiſhed her mine! She was my all; ſhe is ſo ſtill; till death, ſhe ſhall continue ſo!—I have now anſwered you, Maxwell. But, why would you urge the enquiry? why ſtrive to make old wounds bleed afreſh, or inflict new ones?

Maxwell. I have gained what I wiſhed. The deciſive moment is come. (*After a pauſe, he proceeds*) Walwyn! will you be a ſon to my mother,—a father to my ſon,—a huſband to my Arabella?

Walwyn. What is your meaning?

Maxwell. Yes; theſe are the conditions. Give me, with the faith of a brother, your hand; and promiſe, that you will ſupport my old blind mother, and will bear with the frailties of her humour; promiſe, that you will form my Harry's mind, will bring him up to be an honeſt man, and will provide for him, if I ſhall be myſelf unable to do it!

Walwyn. Maxwell, whither does your imagination wander?

Maxwell. And laſtly, you muſt pledge to me your ſolemn oath, that you will make Arabella happy! Vain fool! he has loved her theſe eight years, even while ſhe was mine; as his own, he will adore her! No, this oath is unneceſſary.

Walwyn. Recollect your bewildered ſenſes. Thou art beſide thyſelf. Doſt thou meditate ſuicide?

Maxwell. I do not; why ſhould I anticipate the work of hunger or deſpair? I am in my right ſenſes, good Walwyn! I know what I am doing. For theſe three days I have in vain ſought to find the means of earning ſubſiſtence for my family. I muſt either ſee them ſtarve—or muſt beg or ſteal for them. At laſt, however, I have found a man who will ſupply ſuſtenance to myſelf, if I chooſe to go to India.

Walwyn. And you are willing——

Maxwell. Yes—to go—if Walwyn promiſe to be to my wife, and child, and mother, the guardian and protector I can prove no longer!——*Go*, ——if in thee, Walwyn, I may leave behind me a brother!

Walwyn. Nay, remain here; and you ſhall experience me a brother!

Maxwell. Never more ſhall my eyes view my native ſhore; never ſhall my woe-worn aſpect diſturb your tranquillity. Should my unwearying induſtry be one day, rewarded with the acquiſition of ſome ſmall property; I will write to you; and you ſhall ſend my Harry to me,—but not, till you are yourſelf a father,—till he is no more the only filial object of his mother's love.—Walwyn! I have yet one hope left, I am not utterly bereft of every good. An hour may yet come, when happineſs ſhall be mine. Figure to yourſelf the grey-haired father, awaiting as he ſtands on the banks of the Ganges, the arrival of his ſon. *(With enthuſiaſm.)* A youth ſprings upon the ſhore—I advance with feeble ſteps to meet him. I behold my Arabella's features.—I ſink into her arms.—Oh, moments of rapture, ſufficient to repair long years of miſery!

Walwyn. Dear Maxwell, your diſtreſſes have diſordered your mind. A miſt ſwims before your fancy; and through it, you ſee none but forms of horror. Theſe are unreal viſions. All will yet be cleared up. Confide in me. Call not that a favour, which I feel myſelf irreſiſtibly urged to give. If you

you are ſtill obſtinate in the refuſal of gratuitous aſſiſtance; let me call upon my friends; you ſhall not want for opportunities of earning bread for your family by your own exertion;—the harder that exertion the better,—if ſo you will have it.

Maxwell. Well then! do what you can. Procure me but the loweſt, meaneſt place. Let this triumph be yours! I will endure it. But, if this way you cannot ſave me; then abandon me to the ſtorm of fate, and be Arabella's huſband! Do you promiſe me?

Walwyn. Ah! unhappy, diſordered mind!

Maxwell. Promiſe me, good Walwyn!—Plight your faith to this unhappy being, before you! *(Holds out his arms in a ſuppliant attitude)*

Walwyn. Is your intention known to Arabella?

Maxwell. Not yet.

Walwyn. You expect her to conſent?

Maxwell. If duty no longer attach her to me; her love for you will revive.

Walwyn. Go! tell her what you intend.

Maxwell. I have then, your promiſe?

Walwyn. *(Giving his hand)* You have?

Maxwell. With this preſſure of my hand, I betrothe her to thee. *(He becomes faint, and clings to Walwyn's arm)* Ha! I am now ſtrong again; my family are ſaved. Walwyn! I thank thee! *(He ſinks down, almoſt upon his knees)* Why doſt thou ſtagger, wretched body? the ſpirit, thou ſhalt not proſtrate. *(Sinks down.)*

Walwyn. For God's ſake! Maxwell, how is it with you?

Maxwell. I ſcorn the pangs of hunger.—Victory!—my family are ſaved!

Walwyn. Why, man! you are faint with hunger!—with hunger!

Maxwell. *(Very faint)* For theſe two days——*(Exerting all his ſtrength)* Victory! my family are ſaved!

Walwyn. (*Snatches from the table a full glaſs of wine, which Harrington had left upon it.*) Cruel man!—drink—drink!—

Maxwell. May I drink?—my family ſtill thirſt!

Walwyn. Drink, and rely on my word!—

Maxwell. I do rely on thy word. (*Drinks*)

Walwyn. Shall I ſend for a ſedan-chair?

Maxwell. No, good Walwyn, I am not ill. Let me but reſt a moment longer on this ground. It is my native earth.—Theſe flowers are the ſame as thoſe which I delighted, when a child, to ſee in their full bloom.

Walwyn. You torture me, Maxwell! Let me call a phyſician!

Maxwell. Thou, thou art my phyſician! (*Stretches out his hand.*) Aſſiſt me to riſe: ſee! I ſtand! Nay, legs, do not totter!—Think not that the wine refreſhed me—brother: it was your promiſe,—the ſaving of my family;—this was the reviving potion. Yet it ſhook me and caſt me down.

Walwyn. Your want of food.——

Maxwell. Pray, ſpeak not of my want of food. What I have ſuffered, is ſo trifling, that it deſerves not to be mentioned. Hear me Walwyn, ſtoop down and hear me.—For theſe five weeks, Arabella has worked day and night. Her eyes are red and heavy. Her fingers are pierced to the bone. She, this morning, laid her hand on mine. (*In a whiſper.*) Look here, this is her blood! can you now conceive, what burns within me?—Arabella's blood is on my hand! with her blood, ſhe has ſupported my mother and my child. To her, I in return, ſacrifice more than my life—my love! What a wife, I reſign to you!—I will go to her,—ſee her for the laſt time,—prepare her for your viſit. Within an hour, I ſhall expect you. Farewell! my benefactor! an hour hence, you ſhall reverence me—as *your* benefactor! (*Walks feebly off.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.—WALWYN *alone.*

(*Looks long after him*) God forbid, I ſhould! yes, I will ſee her once more,—but without making myſelf unworthy of that happineſs. Be ſtill, my heart! doſt thou want fortitude? fear not; I ſhall ſee her bleeding fingers; and every emotion but thoſe of exalted virtue will die away within me. Walwyn! ſave the beloved of thy ſoul! reſtore to her arms the huſband, and the father! Then may thine own heart whiſper to thee,—thou waſt worthy of her love. (*Exit haſtily.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MAXWELL's *Apartments.* ARABELLA *alone. She is at Work. Pope's Eſſay on Man, lies open before her. After reading a Paſſage, ſhe pauſes, and ſeems to reflect upon it.*

POETRY! how exalted are thy ends, if thou canſt give comfort to the wretched! excellent Pope! why do not all the unfortunate get by heart thy verſes? (*Reads*)

" Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
" Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;
" Call imperfection, what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
" Say,—here he gives too little,—there too
" much!"

Shame on thee, Arabella! thou, alſo, haſt murmured!—(*Turns the leaf and reads*)

" What nothing earthy gives or can deſtroy,
" The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt
" joy,
" Is virtue's prize"———

Yes, I know this calm. It refuſes not to reſide in the houſe of want. It even now cheers my boſom!

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter* JANE.

Jane. O dear madam! in the ſtreet, juſt now, I was accoſted by a gentleman, who aſked me whether I was not the ſervant of Mrs. Maxwell. Oh! he ſaid a great deal about you,—a great deal indeed!

Arabella. Do you know who he is?

Jane. I cannot ſay I do,—but he muſt needs know you; for he aſked me to tell him all about you; and while I ſpoke, he liſtened with an air of deep devotion, as one might do at prayers. His face glowed whenever he pronounced your name. Yet he was ſad, and his cheeks were wet with tears.

Arabella. Say no more, Jane! *(Aſide)* Ah! it was Walwyn!

Jane. He aſked me, too, if you were in want of money?

Arabella. I hope you did not—

Jane. Heaven forbid!—No, ſays I, my miſtreſs works night and day! and, ſays I, if you ſhould want any ruffles or handkerchiefs, my miſtreſs embroiders wonderfully neat and cheap. He now ſeemed quite beſide himſelf for joy; and told me to go, fetch my goods, quick, quick, and aſk for him at the next coffee-houſe.

Arabella. *(In confuſion)* You know, Jane, I ſold the laſt this morning;—I muſt now ſpare my fingers for a few days. Go! do not let the good gentleman wait in vain.

Jane. With what an air of diſappointment will he look, when he ſees that I bring him nothing!

SCENE III.—ARABELLA *alone.*

Is this my boaſted peace? this the virtue on which I valued myſelf? At the name of a ſtranger my heart throbs, and the blood ruſhes into my cheeks.—A ſtranger!—Is Walwyn to me

me a ſtranger? Can he *ever* be as a ſtranger to me? Oh, God! thou knoweſt whether he deſerved it? *(Weeps gently)* Oh, I ſtill love him; he was my firſt, my only love. Reaſon and a daughter's duty might deny him my hand, but could not baniſh him from my heart.---Can it be a crime, that I, in vain, ſtrive to forget him!---No, Walwyn, no, thou excellent, and generous man, to whom I once plighted my faith, and who didſt ſo nobly releaſe it; thy reſignation---thy ſilent ſuffering---the magnanimity thou haſt this day diſplayed,---where is the way of captivating a woman's heart,---if it be not this?

SCENE IV.—*Enter* MAXWELL.

Arabella. (Endeavours to aſſume an air of ſerenity) Welcome, dear Robert!

Maxwell. (Walks backward and forward in violent emotion, then ſtops before her, and attempts ſeveral times to ſpeak, but is ſtill unable.)

Arabella. What is the matter? ſomething oppreſſes your mind!

Maxwell. (With a faint and hollow voice repeats the words) Welcome, dear Robert! *(After a long pauſe)* Tell me, Arabella, would you feel it hard, to ſay, *farewel, dear Robert!*

Arabella. What a queſtion!—Death alone can command huſband and wife to bid each other farewel!

Maxwell. It is not always ſo.—There *are* caſes, in which reaſon and their mutual love may command a wedded pair to part.

Arabella. Reaſon!—That you men, know.—Love is better underſtood by us.—And, it is the command of love to huſband and wife—'Journey on, hand in hand, together, to the grave.'

Maxwell. Can you ſuppoſe, Arabella, that aught but love for you, can thus oppreſs my heart, thus convulſively ſtrain my whole frame?

Arabella. To what does all this lead?

Maxwell. We---muſt part.

Arabella.

Arabella. We?

Maxwell. I have found a place. I go to India.

Arabella. (*In terrified alarm.*) To India? (*Collecting herself*) Well, I go with you!

Maxwell. No, Arabella; that cannot, muſt not be.

Arabella. Where then muſt I remain?

Maxwell. Here, with my mother, with Harry.

Arabella. I cheerfully ſubmit to any trial which fate impoſes: but that you, alſo, ſhould try me!---

Maxwell. Hear me, deareſt, beſt of wives! I have ſummoned up all my remaining ſtrength of mind. Interrupt me not; for it is extremely difficult for me to purſue any connected train of ideas. Hear the unalterable reſolution which the iron-hand of neceſſity has compelled me to take. --Might I even take you with me; were I capable of dragging you, in return for all that you have ſacrificed for me, into a foreign land;---yet, my mother, my poor, old mother, muſt not be left blind, forlorn, and helpleſs. Can I, at once, deprive her of daughter, ſon, and grandſon?--- Can I abandon her to public charity? Muſt her eyes flow with tears of anguiſh, when they can no longer light her ſteps? You and her little darling may aſſiſt her to endure the loſs of me! *You* will not forſake her,—no, not even then, when you no longer bear her name!

Arabella. No longer bear her name!

Maxwell. Arabella, this is an awful hour!— To me who have, in your arms, enjoyed the divineſt bliſs of love,—to me, who to preſerve you mine, would gladly ſhed my life's blood to its laſt drop,—to me your welfare is ten thouſand times more precious than my own.—Oh! Oh!— I bid farewel to far more than life—when I thus *ſolemnly renounce you!*

Arabella. *You!*—renounce me!

Maxwell. Accurſed be the wretch, who, when his own hopes, his own joys are in one ſcale,— and, in the other the happineſs of her he loves,

—can

—can a moment hesitate to make himself the sacrifice!—You gave me your hand, because your father declared, that he should not otherwise have peace in his mind. And should not I resign that hand, when your welfare, your preservation, demand this of me? Did you love your father with affection more sincere than mine for you? Away, ye boasted heroes of antiquity! who knew but to die for those who were dear to you! I shall do what requires a far harder effort, ——resign my wife into the arms of another husband—hide my face—and hie me hence!

Arabella. God of mercy! has suffering distracted him to madness?

Maxwell. Hear me! Oh, hear me to a close! I release thee from the vows of connubial faith! erase from thy youth, these last eight years!—Forget what thou wast to me;—but, ah! forget not my love!—You are, again, free—free to dispose of your hand and your heart!—Walwyn still loves you:—Reward his unshaken constancy.—Be *his* wife, his happy wife!—But, ah! forget not my love!—He will be a father to Harry!—to my mother, a son!—These duties, he has sworn to perform!——His tenderness will revive the fading roses on Arabella's cheeks.—She shall, yet, remember, with delight, the sweets of her early love. And while, hand in hand, you move onward together, in a path strewed with flowers,—Oh, do not, do not then forget my love!

Arabella. (Throws herself into his arms) Most generous, most heroic of men! how little have I known thy worth! to what a giddy height dost thou call me to look up to the elevation of thy sentiments!—I supposed that I had thoroughly known all the worth and magnanimity of your mind; it is a temple awful and sublime, above human imagination, which you open to my view!—Forsake you!—*I* forsake *you*. No! had I even never loved you before; this day, this day alone would knit my heart to yours, with indissoluble-

ties!

ties!—I can alſo diſtinguiſh what is noble and good. I can feel all the value of what you would do for me. To feel it is my pride,—my ſhame. —I forſake you! Do but try to tear yourſelf from me! I will ſtill cling to you. Under every zone, will I attend and ſerve you! under the ſouth pole, I will defy the arrows of the inhoſpitable ſavage; amid the cold horrors of the fartheſt north, I will dig for you, a cave in the ſnows!—

Maxwell. (Deeply affected) Arabella!

Arabella. You would go to India!—would ſee Indian wives throw themſelves, with triumph, to periſh on the funeral pile of a huſband!---how muſt you, then, ſcorn the faithleſs Engliſh wife who could throw her huſband from her arms, to wander alone, through the world; becauſe he was---not harſh---not unfaithful,---but poor!

Maxwell. Arabella!

Arabella. You are the father of my child! You have taught me to know the enjoyment of maternal love; the deareſt upon earth! Do you fancy that I would purchaſe wealth at the price of ingratitude? It may be, that the world would not reproach me. To gold the world will pardon any crime. A dinner, a ball, will purchaſe friends, and panegyriſts, in any number. --But here---here (*laying her hand on her breaſt*)---is there a more wretched, a more deſpicable being, than ſhe who dares not look within---who cannot look upon the horrors of her own heart, without ſtarting back, aghaſt? Want and hunger may unnerve my ſtrength; my conſcience defies their power.---No;---father of my child, I quit thee not! *(Claſps him in her arms)*

Maxwell. (Preſſing her to his boſom) O God! what a moment of felicity haſt thou vouchſafed to me! Ye great ones, ye deities of the earth, behold, and envy! Angel-woman! I had thought that I knew and prized the full meaſure of thy worth!---How much doſt thou exceed my boldeſt expectations!

expectations!---Enough, Arabella; it is enough! (*Withdrawing from her arms*) We cannot arreſt the movements of the wheel of fate. I have no choice between parting and ſtarving---Lament me as a huſband whom death has raviſhed from you. The worthy Walwyn will not chide your tears.

Arabella. How! Still this ſad purpoſe?

Maxwell. It is fixed.

Arabella. But, if you have ſolemnly renounced me---I as ſolemnly declare, that I cannot renounce you. Go!---embark!—Shall I, think you, find no ſhip to convey a diſconſolate wife, after her huſband, to India? With my Harry by my ſide, will I aſk alms at the harbour; with my Harry in my hand, I will preſent myſelf before the firſt captain who is about to ſail.---I ſolemnly vow, Robert, I *will* follow thee. So may God hear my deareſt prayers!

Maxwell. Wife of my heart, drive me not to deſpair! Force me not to ſeek refuge in a country to which thou can'ſt not follow me.

Arabella. There is no ſuch country.

Maxwell. (*Muttering*) Beyond the grave.

Arabella. Even there will I follow thee.

Maxwell. Mother of my Henry, thou haſt a ſon!

Arabella. And thou haſt a mother!

Maxwell. Arabella, I underſtand your meaning.---You would make the ſacrifice eaſier to me. I would renounce---even your love.---You aſk---but my life!——

Arabella. You are ill, Robert---very ill!---I will go find Harry. He ſhall effect that which I have attempted in vain, drive away the fiend of melancholy, and ſmile hope into your heart! (*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE V.—MAXWELL *alone.*

Die?—Yes; it is eaſier far to die. Thanks, thou beſt of women? thou haſt pronounced the ſentence of my death!—No: into that unknown country thou wilt not follow me.—Thy helpleſs child is the pledge that thou wilt live.—Ha! thou haſt lightened my breaſt of a mountain's weight. —How the pleaſure of this new idea glows through my whole frame!—A freezing coldneſs chilled my blood. But Arabella has breathed a divine ſpark that electerizes my whole body and ſoul.—Yes! my death will put all again into its due order.—She will weep,—oh, ſhe *will* weep!—But time will combine her in happy union with the object of her firſt love—an union that will dry up all her tears. And, when returning ſpring ſhall dreſs with flowers the turf that covers my poor remains, ſhe will give her hand, over my grave, to the worthy Walwyn!——And now, Robert, thou haſt well-nigh drained the cup of ſorrow—wilt thou now ſhrink with loathing from the laſt dregs?—Am I as one of thoſe fools whom a ſatiety of ſenſual enjoyment drives to rid themſelves of an exiſtence of which they are unworthy?—as thoſe idiots of ſuperſtition who caſt themſelves to be cruſhed under the chariot-wheels of their idol!—No; I die for my wife, for the beloved of my ſoul!—I die for my mother! for my child! Let the marble ſtatue, the brazen buſt, be conſecrated to him who dies for his country!—My grave will not be always unhonoured, ſhould it even be dug in a croſs-way!———

SCENE VI.—*Enter* ARABELLA *leading* HARRY *by the hand.*

Arabella. (*In a tone of ſoothing gentleneſs*) Here is Harry. He intreats you to remember, that you are his father!

Harry. (*Careſſing his father*) I have not ſeen you, father, for a long while.

Maxwell. (*Abſorbed in gloomy enthuſiaſm, without looking at the child*) Boy, what calleſt thou a long while?—Break the frame through which the ſoul at ſo dear a rate acquires its perceptions,—and time and ſpace are vaniſhed!

Arabella. Harry, your father intends to go on a journey.

Harry. Won't you take me with you, father?

Maxwell. No, Harry.

Harry. Are you going far?

Maxwell. The ſwallow journeys after the ſpring.

Harry. Will you ſoon return?

Maxwell. Every thing returns. The crumbling duſt revives in flowers.

Harry. Won't you bring me ſomething?

Maxwell. What I yet have, I leave to you—my bleſſing!

Arabella. Robert! ceaſe from torturing me thus.—For theſe ſome weeks paſt, I thought I ſuffered much;—to-day, however, I feel that to have been little!

Maxwell. Have patience with me. It ſhall ſoon be otherwiſe—ſoon. (*Muttering*) Man! why delay? (*He looks ſorrowfully upon Harry, lifts him up, and kiſſes his forehead*) God bleſs thee, my ſon! (*Approaches Arabella, takes her hands, and eagerly kiſſes her fingers*) Accept my thanks, my deareſt wife! (*He turns away from her, puts his hands, with trembling emotion, on Harry's head, and utters in agony*) God bleſs thee, my ſon! (*Then, throwing himſelf into Arabella's arms*) Thanks to you, deareſt wife! (*Now raiſes his weeping eyes to heaven*) Oh, God! theſe laſt tears are yet bitterer than I imagined!

Arabella. Robert! what is it you mean to do? Robert, pity my diſtreſs!

Maxwell. Be comforted, Arabella, I go not to India.

Arabella. May I truſt that you do not?——

Maxwell. I do not!—I have yet a friend whom I had ſhamefully forgotten. To him will I go—

from him will I intreat aſſiſtance. Pray for me, that he may receive me kindly!

Arabella. A friend?—You deceive me?

Maxwell. Ah, Arabella! this hour allows not deception!

Arabella. Who is he? where is he? why have you never named him to me?

Maxwell. Becauſe, in our proſperity, our beſt friends are often ſlighted. Yet, fear not; he will receive me kindly; his arms are ever open to the wretched!

Arabella. Then, go; and your good angel attend you!

Maxwell. I go, guided by the angel of love!—Farewel, Arabella!—When next we meet, we ſhall be happy!

Arabella. God grant we may!

Maxwell. (*Takes both her hands, and ſhakes them, in great anguiſh*) Till we meet again——

Arabella. It will be ſoon.

Maxwell. At break of day. (*He retires into a corner, wrings his hands unconſciouſly, makes a ſevere effort to reſtrain his tears, undergoes with deep agony the ſtruggle of parting, at laſt ſummons up his fortitude, and ſays*) The hardeſt taſk is over!—Now to my mother! (*Ruſhes into his mother's room.*)

Arabella. (*Kneeling, raiſes her hands and eyes to heaven.*)

Harry. What are you doing, Mother?

Arabella. I pray for your father.

Harry. I will alſo pray for him. (*Kneels down by his mother. After ſome moments, Maxwell ruſhes out of his mother's room. He is going; but, at ſight of his wife and child, ſtops in great agitation. He ſtands as if rooted to the ground; the muſcles of his face are convulſed; his wild, maddened agony diſſolves at laſt into tears. He ſlowly, and with trembling emotion, lifts up his hands, preſſes them to his eyes, and reels off.*)

SCENE

SCENE VII.—*Enter the* MOTHER *of* MAXWELL, *groping her way.*

Mother. Robert! what means this?—Is no one here?

Arabella. (*Arising from the poſture of prayer*) Dear mother, we are here.

Mother. You and my ſon?

Arabella. I and Harry.

Mother. Where is my ſon?

Arabella. Gone to a friend.

Mother. But, why was he ſo deeply affected when he took leave of me?

Arabella. He is uneaſy in mind, to-day.

Mother. Comes burſting into my room—kiſſes my hand—wets it with his tears—bids me farewel—thanks me for my love—ſays I ſhall not want—then runs off, before I can even aſk him—"Robert, what means this?"—And after all, he goes to a friend!—One ſhould have thought he was going to die!

Arabella. (*Starts with violent emotion*) God forbid!

Mother. Is it right thus to alarm an old, feeble mother? Every limb of me yet ſhakes with the fright. Come, Harry, lead me back to my chair, that I may recover myſelf. (*Exeunt.*)

Arabella. (*Stands for ſome time in amazed and ſpeechleſs anguiſh, occaſioned by the idea which the old woman's words have awakened in her mind*) No, no—he will not—three other lives, he knows, depend upon his. (*Steps to the table, and turns ſeveral leaves in the book upon it, while her looks are fixed on the ground*) No—that he never will do. (*She ſtrives to compoſe her mind, ſits down at the tambour-frame, and begins to work: but her agitation is renewed; her tears fall; ſhe riſes*) My tears will ſpoil the work. (*Takes up her knitting needles; but her arms ſink down*) Robert! Robert! thou haſt unnerved my laſt ſtrength; I can work no more; I can only pray!

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* WALWYN.

Arabella. (Perceiving him, ſtarts convulſively) Ha, Walwyn!

Walwyn. (Approaching with a modeſt and timid air) After eight years of ſeparation, I again ſee Arabella.

Arabella. (Endeavouring to compoſe herſelf) Arabella Maxwell is happy to receive an old friend in her houſe.

Walwyn. The title of your *friend* inveſts me with precious rights.

Arabella. Your own magnanimity has this day inveſted you with rights ſtill ſuperior. Accept the thanks which, as a mother and a wife, I owe you.

Walwyn. Arabella's thanks were to me an invaluable prize—had not the offer for which they were made, been diſdained!—

Arabella. That offer was not leſs a favour. It flowed, I know, from the pureſt motives.

Walwyn. This teſtimony gives me pride. But I am conſcious, that I have deſerved it. *(With animation)* Yes, Arabella, I am yet entirely ſuch as I was eight years ſince. Fortune has, indeed, made me rich; but my heart, my ſoul are ſtill the ſame. *(He perceives Arabella to be under embarraſſment, and moderates his ardour)* Pardon, pardon me for having hinted at what is no more to be mentioned. At ſight of you, I felt, as an old man might do, who, meeting with an ancient friend, remembers his ſpring of life.—And I ſeemed to myſelf, for the moment, to grow young again. Ah, no wonder, that your dear image ſhould to me diſſolve into a dream, the realities of eight long years: and ſhould, with the efficacy of enchantment bring back the moment, when you laſt gave me your hand. Your cheeks were then, as now, pale; tears then flowed from your eyes as now.

Arabella.

Arabella. And I then intreated of you, as I now do, to ſpare me.

Walwyn. For eight long years have I avoided your preſence. The deſire of your huſband, brings me, this day, hither, Arabella! Oh knew you but the hopes he would teach me to conceive! No, never did the tempter wear a more ſeductive guiſe!—

Arabella. You allude to a wild idea, which my huſband has recently hinted to me.

Walwyn. I gueſs that he kept his word!

Arabella. You——

Walwyn. Heard him with amazement.

Arabella. And let me hope—corrected him—gently—

Walwyn. Oh! Arabella!

Arabella. That ſigh—this familiar addreſs!—Should I be miſtaken in regard to Walwyn? Should he be capable of trampling on the unfortunate wretch whom he ſees writhing at his feet, in the duſt; then, oh, then would I be compelled to let him look into my heart,—then would I repeat to him thoſe laſt words which he heard, eight years ſince, from my lips.—Do you ſtill remember them!

Walwyn. They are imprinted on my heart.

Arabella. Walwyn, I ſaid,—I love you. Fate unites me to another. Were you capable of aſking me to tear this bond aſunder;—did but one look of your's, invite me to it:—I ſhould loſe my laſt conſolation—the conſolation of loving and reſpecting you.—On my hand you pronounced the vow of virtue.—

Walwyn. Which I have ever kept ſacred.

Arabella. Holding your hand, I ſwore eternal fidelity to my huſband. I, too, have kept my oath. I do not ſay I have found the taſk a hard one: No; I have found it eaſy; for, I poſſeſs a worthy man. For the firſt year, I might devote many a ſecret tear to the remembrance of the ſweet dreams of younger years; yet theſe have been

been long assuaged by the new feelings of a mother's fondness.—Maxwell's wild fancy of this day, might perhaps have seen to me less extravagant, *before I was a mother*. A childless pair might dare to part! But, now, Walwyn, now, no power on earth can break asunder the bonds of my duty.—No, not the power of love itself.

Walwyn. I have not interrupted you: for, where I love, I delight to admire. The word escaped; but, it came from the heart of a man who knows no wish of which he can need to be ashamed. Arabella misunderstood me. I listened to your husband, merely to gain time, to soothe the fever of his soul, to save him from the wild phrenzy of despair. His sufferings have awakened within him, powers hitherto unknown to himself, of which the new-born consciousness is pleasing. *To sacrifice himself for his wife*—is the splendid idea, on which he, at present, delights to gaze till his mind's eye become blind to every ray of other hope.—It is for this, that his pride devises so many refined pretensions for refusing the assistance of a friend. These would he scarce resign for the sake of the salvation of his family and himself; for resigning these,—he would lose the idol of his fancy, created by love, nurtured by want and despair, raised by disordered nerves to be the tyrant of his soul.—He must be gently and softly led back from the precipice to which he is hurried. As to the night-walker,—we must not call him by his name, but, in silence stretch out our arms, that if he fall, he may sink on the bosom of a friend!

Arabella. (Deeply affected, gives him her hand) Excellent Walwyn!—Friend in distress!—How could I, for a moment, mistake you!—

Walwyn. It is only misfortune that excites distrust against the man who once possessed the heart of Arabella!—

Arabella. And was worthy of possessing it!—

Walwyn.

Walwyn. Wealth could not corrupt a heart ſacred to you. I came, to concert with you, the means of ſaving Maxwell, without ſuffering it to appear the work of my hand. Might we not deviſe ſome harmleſs artifice,—the bequeſt of ſome Nabob's fortune,—or the fortunate gaining of a capital prize in the lottery. Pray, aſſiſt me to find out ſomething?

Arabella. Generous man! this tear——

SCENE IX.—*Enter* JANE *haſtily.*

Jane. (Out of breath) Oh madam!—how I am frightened!

Arabella. What is the matter?

Jane. There is a mob gathering in the ſtreets.

Arabella. Well?

Jane. They talk ſuch dreadful things!—They ſay—they ſay—that my maſter—

SCENE X.—*Enter* LANDLORD *in a buſtling manner.*

Landlord. There now,—a fine ſight,—a fine credit to my houſe.

Arabella. (Anxiouſly) What is it you want, friend?

Landlord. Want? Why, I want that the corpſe be not dragged hither.

Arabella. The corpſe? gracious God!

Walwyn. (At the ſame time) Whoſe corpſe?

Landlord. Don't you know, then? Mr. Maxwell has thrown himſelf into the Thames.

Walwyn. Oh! too late!

Arabella. (Drops upon the ground.)

Jane. (*Kneeling by Arabella, ſupports her head.*)

Landlord. The rent gone to the devil!---

Walwyn. Perhaps, there may be yet means of recovery. (*Going.*)

SCENE XI—*Enter* JOHN HARTOPP.

Hartopp. Of recovery?—to be ſure, there are. He is already reſtored to life!

Walwyn.

Walwyn and Jane (*At the ſame time*) Does he live?

Hartopp. As ſure as my name is John Hartopp, —he lives.—

Jane. Did you hear, dear madam?

Arabella. (*Nods*)

Walwyn. Who ſaved him?

Hartopp. Why,—I drew him out of the Thames.—

Walwyn. You, friend?—Pray take this. (*Offers his purſe*)

Hartopp. Pſhaw, pſhaw!---ſuch things one don't like to be paid for. Beſides, I can't ſay, after all, that it was I who ſaved him. For, when I laid him on the bank, he was as dead as a herring. But, there is a Society in London, do you ſee, who will not let a brave fellow drown himſelf, without a ſtruggle to ſave him. Some of them were quite at hand. Great gentlemen! God knows who!---They inſtantly ſeized the body, and continued rubbing, warming, and blowing, till he opened his eyes.

Walwyn. Whither did they carry him?

Hartopp. To the houſe of a rich wine-merchant, three doors from this.---He was the buſieſt of them all.---He belongs alſo to the Society. (*Walwyn, Exit in haſte*) God's bleſſing on the worthy gentlemen! When I perceived that life was again ſtirring in him, I had his houſe ſhewn me; for I am vaſtly fond of bringing good news.---That poor lady on the ground is his wife, I dare ſay?

Arabella. Yes; his wife.

Hartopp. Well! miſtreſs, do not weep now. There is no more danger. His recovery is ſure.

Arabella. (*Gives her hand*)

Hartopp. (*Takes and ſhakes it heartily*) An empty hand, and ſuch a look with it, pleaſes me better than the gentleman's full purſe. I think, my girl, we ſhould help the good lady on her legs again. (*They lift Arabella up, and ſeat her on a chair*)

SCENE

SCENE XII.---*Enter* MAXWELL, WALWYN, *and* HARRINGTON.

Maxwell. (*Still of a death-like paleneſs in his countenance—his hair hanging down in diſorder,—his looks down-caſt,—is led by Walwyn to Arabella.*)

Arabella. (*Attempting to riſe, is unable, but ſinks back, and holds out her arms*)

Maxwell. (*Kneels before her, and with involuntary feebleneſs, lays his head in her lap*)

Arabella. (*Bends ſobbing over him.*)

Hartopp. (*Wipes his eyes with his fingers awkwardly.*)

Harrington. (*Stands loſt in deep thought; and now and then caſts a look on the re-united pair.*)

Maxwell. (*Lifts up his head, and looks on Arabella with an expreſſion of anguiſh.*)

Arabella. (*Claſps his neck, and joins her cheek to his.*)

Walwyn. (*Beholds them with ſtrong emotion.*)

Hartopp. By my ſoul, it is the man, who, this morning tried my load. He perhaps carried heavier than I. --

Harrington. Are you not the ſame perſon, who this morning aſked my aſſiſtance in the tea-garden?

Maxwell. I am.

Harrington. I am, then, perhaps, in part, the author of your deſpair. I have much to atone for. (*Taking Walwyn aſide*) Sir, I know you to be an honeſt man. May I entirely confide in the truth of what you juſt now mentioned?

Walwyn. You may, upon my honour!—

Harrington. (*To Maxwell after a ſhort pauſe*) Sir, my ſon was yeſterday drowned in bathing. I have, this day ſaved your life. To-day then, has God reſtored to me a ſon. You, Sir, muſt ſupply the place of my loſt child. I adopt you as mine.

Maxwell. (*Turns to him, kneels, and with ardent emotions of gratitude, ſtretches out his hands.*)

Harrington.

Harrington. I underſtand—no words—there is no need—your excellent wife,—will not ſhe be my daughter?

Arabella. (*Folds her hands and ſmiles*)

Harrington. I underſtand—it is ſettled—I am not childleſs.—God forgive my murmurs.

Arabella. (*Sinks on her knees beſide her huſband, claſps him in her arms, and preſſes him to her heart.*)

Hartopp. Ha! the next load I ſhall have to carry, will be as light as a feather! (*The Curtain falls.*)

END OF THE PLAY.

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